

*"What fools these Mortals be!"*

# Puck

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## BACK FROM BOLOLAND.

OUR FOREMOST FILIPINO. — Now, boys, after all my talking, don't go and take the wrong train.



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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## "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

PERHAPS Chairman Cortelyou did n't know of those contributions.

CHAUNCEY MADE a great mistake in not having a "Father's Letter" to add to his explanation.

THE DISCOVERY of graft in the Japanese navy will convince even the most skeptical that the Yellow Peril is a myth exploded.

MR. HARRIMAN was doubtless relieved to learn that the bricks which came his way in Tokio were positively not "Anti-American." Possibly, they were Anti-Equitable.

UNMINDFUL of what followed his original effort, the Czar now proposes another Peace Congress at The Hague. The Hague will resent after a while being made the scene of farce comedy.

GERMANY is said sincerely to desire "real reciprocity" with America. Germany should at once be informed that reciprocity of the "real" variety is the sort favored by our most eminent stand-patriots; reciprocity based on the principle that it is more blessed to receive than to give.

ONE OF the Beef Packers' main objections to their present arraignment in Chicago is the fact that they were indicted by a Federal Grand Jury "secretly and consequently illegally drawn." What conscientious scruples the Beef Trust has against that which is secret and illegal!

IT is the belief of General Chaffee that, in spite of peace congresses, army officers in future will not be obliged to seek other careers. The General is probably right. The veteran officers, over whose heads General Wood was shoved, fully realize how superfluous is a war record when it comes to securing promotion.

A WELL KNOWN actress announces that she is going to star her husband. Well might it be said, That woman is an angel!

"LET US drop hot gospels and trust a little to the efficacy of cold cream." — Col. Watterson.

Chafing again, Colonel?

THE POLITICAL campaign in Indiana this year was opened at a higher altitude than ever before. Fairbanks opened it, and in his customary fearless and fearful fashion.

GENERAL CORBIN, in his recommendations to the Army, suggests for officers the Simple Life. The organization of the Simple Lifeguards, Colonel Wagner, may follow at any moment.

THE DISGRUNTLED Japs, who have planned to receive Baron Komura with funeral rites on his return to Tokio, will doubtless request those present at the dock to "please omit flowers."

"A FIRST-CLASS man," says Col. Watterson, "cannot afford to go to Washington for \$5,000 a year." Whereas a first-class grafter, like a sleeping-car porter, can afford to dispense with a salary.

NO MATTER what may be said of the other Washington Departments, the Weather Bureau boasts that there, at least, insidious graft has not appeared. Possibly, if not probably, because the value of weather reports, before the government makes them public, is slight.

## INSURANCE WARD



FROM GRATEFUL THOUSANDS.





A BARNYARD NATHAN HALE.

THE ROOSTER. — I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.



BECOMING.

"I wish to adopt a child," said the wealthy woman in the orphan asylum, "what have you?"  
 "Oh, we have them in all shades," replied the polite lady superintendent, "which do you prefer?"  
 "I think a blonde child will be the most appropriate," answered the wealthy woman, "my auto is finished in blue."

HITCHES.

"HITCH your wagon to a star,"  
 Is advice of wondrous worth;  
 Easier this to follow, far,  
 "Hitch your air-ship to the earth."

EXPLANATION.

WHEN at last a student, upon being tarred and feathered by hazers, took pneumonia and died, although nobody had the hardihood to openly deny that boys will be boys, there was some adverse comment.

Accordingly, the President of the University issued a statement.

"This is one of those regrettable incidents," said he, "for which nobody is to blame. The faculty, in the exercise of a strict control over all sports, appointed a date for the hazing of this student, and ordered a supply of tar and feathers of the most approved character, in ample time. But owing to a railway accident, this supply did not arrive, and the hazers, unable to postpone the event because of all subsequent dates being filled, procured tar and feathers as they could. Some of this material, as it turns out, had not been properly sterilized, and as a consequence, the young man took cold."

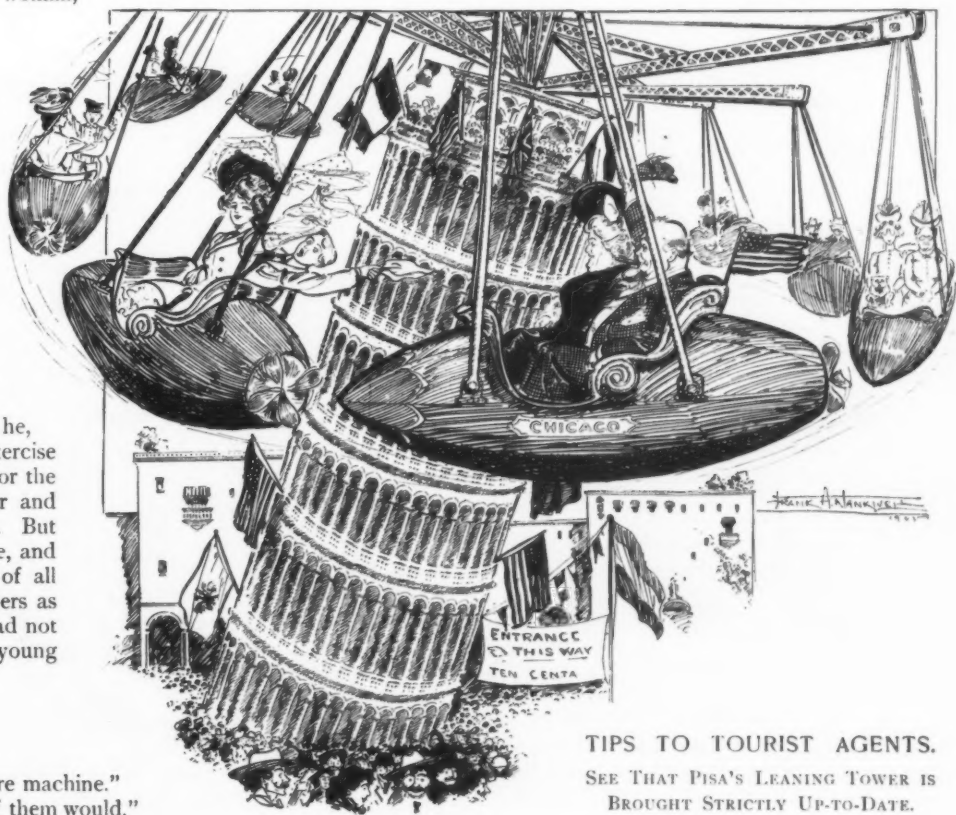
This naturally ended the talk.

MIGHT DO WORSE.

"A MAN should not do his work as if he were a mere machine."  
 "But it would be a great improvement if some of them would."

MUSES.

"THOSE Muses," whispered the visitor to Olympus, "don't seem to wear any more clothes than the law allows."  
 "Well, no," replied Apollo, who was showing the party through. "You see, the Muses feel that they owe a great debt to Indecency, although Indecency is a purely human creation. There have been times, indeed, when Indecency was all that kept the Muses alive."



TIPS TO TOURIST AGENTS.

SEE THAT PISA'S LEANING TOWER IS BROUGHT STRICTLY UP-TO-DATE.

**You** have noticed perhaps, incidentally, that the grass widow is generally looking for one mower.

THE MAID AND THE MATERIALIST.



**D**ILIGENT matchmakers decided that a union between a certain youth and maiden would be "perfectly lovely." Accordingly they arranged matters so that the two might be thrown into the closest possible juxtaposition.

However the arrangement did not prove to be particularly happy. The maiden, being a graduate from college, was a stickler for lofty ideals; she had decided views on Socialism and could discuss political theories and conditions with all the ease and fluency of a Mrs. Humphry Ward heroine. She was equally at home in the worlds of Art, Literature and Science, and her only regret was that there was nothing more adequate than capitals in the discussion of these interesting subjects!

The youth, on the other hand, was a practical sort of being, with many limitations. If he possessed a Soul it troubled him very little, and the only matters he discussed in capitals were such as Amalgamated Copper, Undigested Securities and the like.

On their first conversation the maiden broached the subject of Literature, and, being in a mood for the lighter things of life, asked him if he did not regard Walter Pater as an example of the Pure Stylist. The youth parried clumsily and attempted to enthuse over the largest seller of the Six Best. She had never heard of it and switched abruptly to Music, declaring Wagner bombastic and deploring the latter-day decadence of the Muse. The youth had heard most of the sixty-nine musical comedies of the season, and as he had found them very diverting, he ventured his belief that music was not in such a bad way. Still this difference in opinion seemed to offer little or no grounds for argument and the subject was forthwith dismissed.

Ensuing conversations proved even less satisfactory. It seemed that the youth did not even know what a temperament was, and his notions about Art were the vaguest possible. Even when she descended to a discussion of Municipal Ownership in Europe she found him all at sea.

"Alas," she sighed to herself after a particularly fruitless effort to start something along the line of Economics, "I fear no affinity exists between us; he exerts no psychological attraction for me whatsoever! It is all too evident that he is a gross materialist, incapable of even conceiving the things that are worth while. We have nothing, absolutely nothing in common."

However, she determined to make one more heroic effort to discover at least one saving quality within him. Perhaps, she reflected, he cherishes some Wild Strain of Poetry. So, descending to the primitive, she discoursed at length on the beauties of nature.

The youth listened attentively to what she had to say.

"I, too," he said during an intermission, "am a lover of nature. In fact," he added confidently, "I cleaned up about ten thousand in Wheat last week."

The maiden said nothing, but she felt that his words contained much food for thought. She recalled that the young men with



GOOD OLD NURSE.

MRS. CALLAHAN. — Moike! Moike!! Wek up; ut 's toime t' take y' insomnia midicine.

whom she had discussed the New Thought and Higher Criticism were, as a rule, rather shabbily genteel. Also she decided that the youth in question seemed to have something more than a conception of at least one of the things worth while in this world. After all, she concluded, there are some exceedingly notable advantages in being a materialist.

So she descended to his lower plane of intelligence with the best of good grace, and the matchmakers claimed another victory within the week.

Arthur D. Pratt.

INEBRIATE.

**D**ISEASE still stalked abroad with an unsteady gait.

"Tired?" queried Ignorance, winking slyly at Poverty, for these three, as is well-known, are inseparable companions.

"Everybody is treating me," replied Disease, thickly, "and with more than 50 per cent. of alcohol in many of the patent medicines, I'm likely to be overcome any time."

At this Ignorance and Poverty laughed immoderately, deeming it rare fun to see their ancient comrade in such a plight.

SUSPICIOUS.

**T**HE members of the D. A. R. Chapter eyed the stranger with suspicion. For, though she was garbed as a woman, had presented the proper credentials, and did not have a mannish appearance, she had said scarcely a word.



SOCIALLY SPEAKING.

THE NEAREST WE HAVE IN AMERICA TO A "LEISURE CLASS."

**A**nd another objection to the Wall Street lamb is that he so frequently develops into a black sheep.





IMPEDIMENT.

PRUE.—Why don't you break the engagement if you find you no longer love him.  
MARJORIE.—I've just discovered that he wants to break it himself.

AT THE BEGINNING.

"O ADAM," sighed the wistful Eve,  
"You never wear the right cravat;  
Your taste is worse than you'd believe,  
Pray, tell me, what so bad as that?"

"Dear Eve," replied the simple man,  
"You buy the things yourself, my life,"  
And thus, since first the world began,  
Has man been martyred by his wife.

Grace G. Bostwick.

RUSSIA.

IVANAVITCH, the ordinary Russian, dreamed a dream. He dreamed that he was unhappy. But he thought nothing of that. It was not until he had dreamed again that he was unhappy, and yet again, that his attention was arrested.



A NEW ONE ON HIM.

"Am I indeed unhappy?" he asked himself, with an uncomfortable feeling, although he was not particularly superstitious.

Try as he would, Ivanavitch could not rid himself of the suspicion that had come to him. At last he spoke to his friend Georgeoffski.

"Georgeoffski," he said, "is it possible that I am unhappy?"

"It is not possible," replied Georgeoffski. "You differ in no respect from the rest of us, and if we were generally unhappy would not the government at St. Petersburg have informed us of it?"

Ivanavitch could not deny, but he was not convinced. Indeed, his doubts grew, and he was less and less able to remain silent concerning them. Presently the police heard of him, and then it was not long until Ivanavitch was sent to Siberia.

The ministry were filled with consternation.

"This ignorant peasant, who can neither read nor write, has come into the knowledge of the most important of our state secrets!" they exclaimed. "The question is, how?"

The ministry could find no answer. They could only look blankly at one another, and tremble for the future of the empire.

"PAINTERS."

ARTIST (in the Adirondacks).—Many painters around here?

GUIDE.—Oh, we shoot one occasionally.



FAULTY.

LENDITT.—You borrowed ten dollars of me last month and promised to pay in two days. You must have a bad memory.

SPENDITT.—Fierce! I remember it perfectly!

A CALL LOAN.

THE INEXPERIENCED ONE (on Atlantic liner, second day out).—By George! But the sea certainly gives a fellow a great appetite.

THE EXPERIENCED ONE.—Not gives, my boy,—merely lends.



AT CHARON'S FERRY.

TALL SHADE.—Is n't this something awful!  
SHADE FROM BROOKLYN.—Not at all. And honestly, I don't see why they call *this* Hell. You ought to have seen our Bridge Crush.

THE BOOKMAN'S RECESSIONAL.



RILEY, The Christian, Quo Vadis, Marcella,  
All of those books that caught in the past,  
Prisoner of Zenda, the Aster so Yellow,  
Dodo, the lady who seemed rather fast;  
Elsmere, who shocked with his mild liberality,  
Carvel, who found that the stage did n't pay,  
The books that Corelli's mad, wild prodigality  
Dumped on the world—Oh, where are they to-day.

The Heavenly Twins, with uncanny precocity,  
And eke David Harum, with stories to laugh,  
And She, who was killed with such awful atrocity,  
Not to speak of Steve Brice, who was rather a calf:  
They're silent at last and are veiled in obscurity,  
With many more like them, and some not so bad—  
Had their fate but o'ertaken the books of futurity,  
The novels we're reading to-day, I were glad.

William Wallace Whitelock

THE YELLOW PERIL TOUCHES FOOT BALL.

"WHAT new plays and formations are to be used in foot ball this season?" asked the reporter of the \$10,000 coach.  
"Well," replied the hero of a million newspaper paragraphs, "The Togo wedge will be popular and then the 203 Meter Hill buck looks promising."  
"Any others?"

"Yes; the Retreat from Mukden formation. This is a play around the right end which we believe will baffle interference and elude pursuit. Then we are perfecting the Siege of Port Arthur series, a succession of plays calculated to demoralize the opposing team."

"Will the play, this year, be rough?"

"Not from the view point of the foot ball expert," replied the coach, "but it will hardly be a safe recreation for prize fighters, soldiers, rioters and other devotees to the gentler forms of sport. The new rules, however, make it a more time killing diversion for foot ball men."

"I understand that you advocate reforms in the training methods?"

"Er—yes, in a way. Hereafter the menu of



our training table will consist of rice and dried fish. The men will eat with chopsticks. There was some agitation for the Kimona as a dinner jacket, but it never amounted to much."

As the reporter was about to run for the telegraph office, the coach observed: "you might add that the rah-rah boys, who make up our efficient rooting service, have decided to do away with the Zip—boomah class of yells. Hereafter when a sensational touch down is made, they will cry: "Banzai! Banzai!"

Charles R. Barnes.

HIS MISAPPREHENSION.

"I GUESS the circulation of the *Weekly Agitator* must have increased a good deal since young Mr. Peekidhead's taken the editorship," said honest old Farmer Hornbeak, a bit acridly. "He says, here amongst other things in this week's issue, '*Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat*,' all of which I sh'd judge is for the edification of his intelligent Hottentot readers; and, of course, he would n't be takin' the trouble to address 'em if he did n't have 'em. No mistake, an academy education is a great thing!"

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

"THIS yur is the place, ain't it, whur you-all set type?" inquired a gander-necked young Arkansan who had percolated into the office of the Polkville *Weekly Clarion*.

"Yes," replied the able editor. "This is the place."

"Wa-al," proceeded the visitor, "what do the type hatch, and how long does it take 'em?"



WHY NOT?

LITTLE WILLIE.—Papa, why does the railway company have those cases with the axe and saw in every car?

FATHER.—I presume they are put in to use in case any one wants to open a window.



# PUCK



## THERE 'S A REASON.

THOMAS.—Come ow—out, Miss Kitty.

MISS KITTY.—I can't, Thomas; my chaperone is not asleep yet.

## FIAT JUSTITIA.

UP TO this point, the celebrated murder case of People vs. John Doe had been skillfully conducted, according to approved, up-to-date methods.

At the outset, the district attorney granted immunity to the man who did the killing, and held Doe for hypnotically suggesting the crime.

Under the third degree, frequently administered with appro-



## ANOTHER MISUNDERSTANDING.

PADDOCK.—They 're off!

HIS UNCLE URIAH (*from the interior*).—They 're nothin' else, b'gosh! Never seen so many howlin' loonytics in all my born days!

priate adjacent terrors, the defendant had often confessed, not only one, but a good generous dozen of confessions, sufficient to meet the most varied demand or taste in headlines, were in evidence.

A wave of sympathy for the prisoner, evidenced by an abundance of tears and floral offerings from the fair sex, had followed Doe's confession to the lady reporter of the *Evening Howl* that he had strangled three wives; but the *Evening Howl* promptly came to the rescue of the prosecution, by proving that each of the three wives had deserved to be strangled.

So, what with new trials, newly discovered evidence, excluded testimony, and waiting for new rising generations of experts to clear up the medical tangle, at last came the final scene. Picture it to yourself:

The aged defendant, leaning feebly on the arm of his great-grandson, totters to the bar.

The court, by great exertion, with the aid of 100 extra deputies, keeps back the eager life insurance agents, doubly anxious, in view of the conditions prevalent in that line of business, to write a risk on defendant's life. Silence is at last secured. The defendant's attorney arises and begins his address.

It is at once apparent that he has a big sensation in store for the crowded court room. Extras for the *Howl* and the *Howl* are promptly placed on sale giving the only reliable version of the expected sensation.

"May it please the court," defendant's counsel begins, after the extras are all sold, "on the first trial of this case we pleaded the defendant's youth and previous good conduct, showing that he was a mere boy and the victim of evil influences.

"On the second trial we proved that his mother's first husband drank and that there was insanity in the hired man's family.

"On the third trial we established justifiable homicide, *de bonis non*, and *posse comitatus*, and proved that the murdered man is still living.

"This time we shall acquit our client without calling a witness and without the jury's leaving its seats.

"We hold in our hands a calendar showing that this offense was committed *after office hours*—and your honor need not be reminded of the famous decision of the New York Assembly, in the Hooker case."

Tears sprang to the eyes of the learned presiding justice as he said:

"In the words of Assemblyman Rogers, neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

Albert E. Hoyt.

## HARVEST.

Now lusty farmers,  
Gay and blithe,  
Cut Nature's coupons  
With a scythe.

## THE SENTENCE.

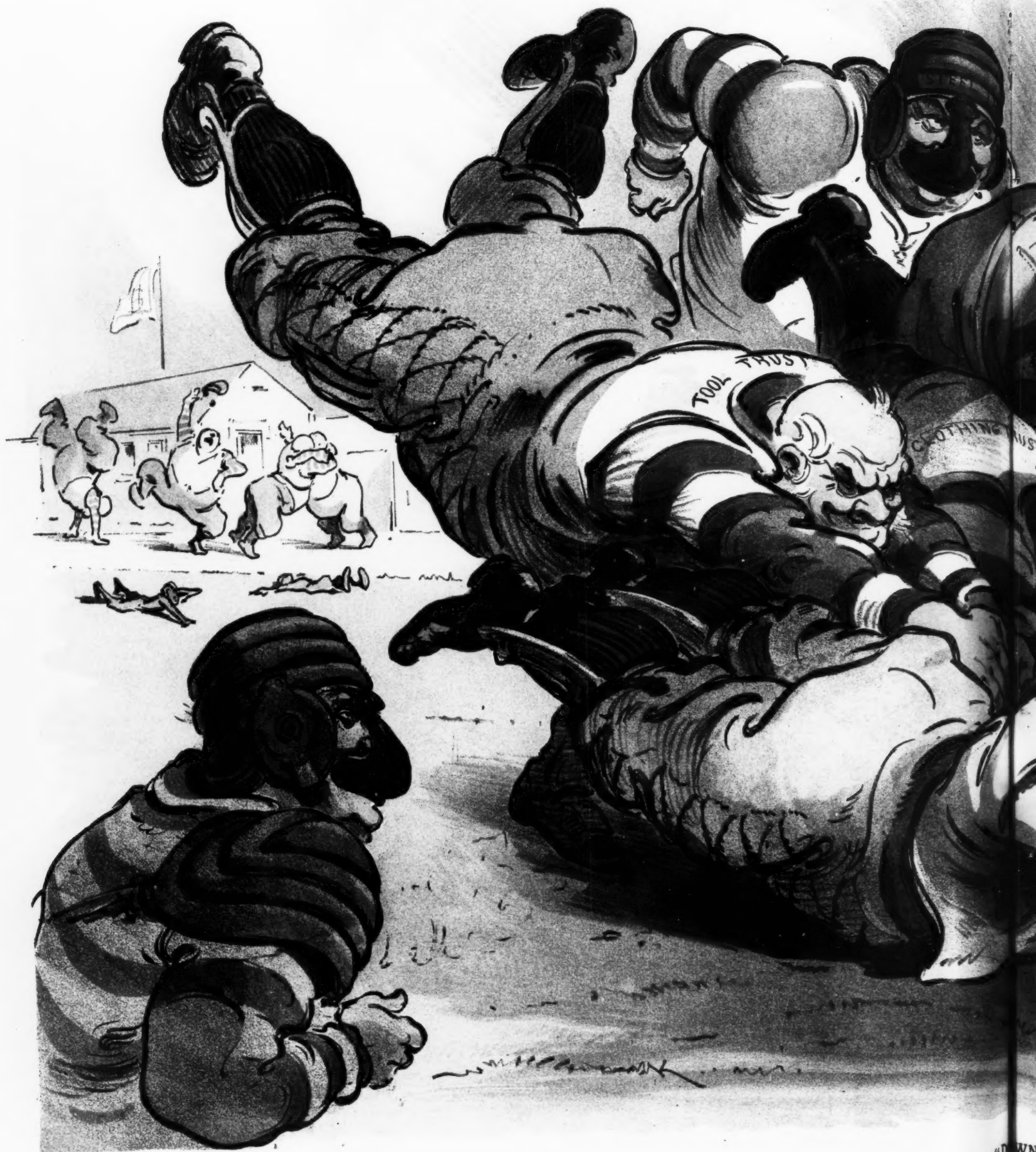
THE FATES.—You are charged with the crime of poverty. Are you guilty or not guilty?

THE POOR MAN.—Guilty.

THE FATES.—Hard labor for life!

CLEANLINESS is next to godliness, with perfumery a poor third.

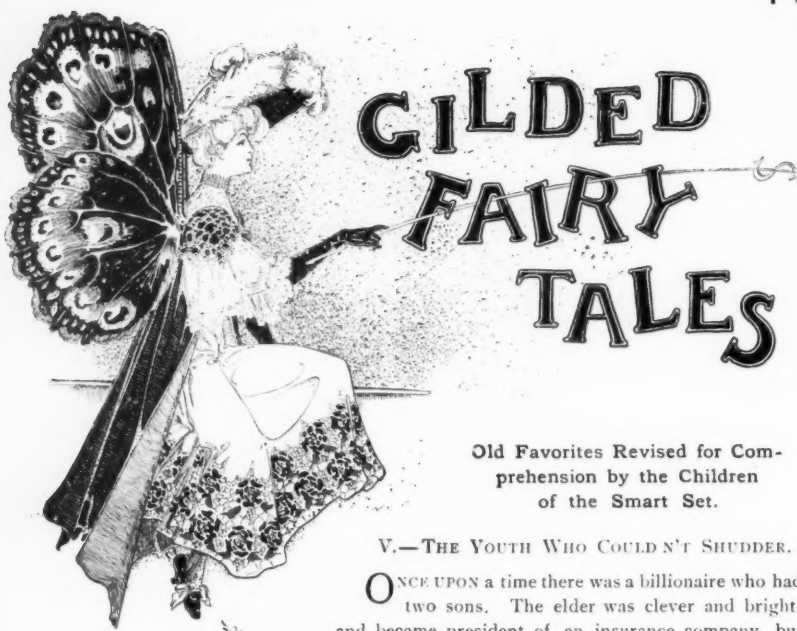
**L**ove opens life to its full flower, sometimes, indeed, making it double.







"DOWN!"



# GILDED FAIRY TALES

Old Favorites Revised for Comprehension by the Children of the Smart Set.

## V.—THE YOUTH WHO COULDN'T SHUDDER.

ONCE UPON a time there was a billionaire who had two sons. The elder was clever and bright, and became president of an insurance company, but the younger was good for nothing, and had scarcely wit enough to pick out his own haberdashery. In this respect he did not differ from dozens of other young men in the Smart Set, but he was absolutely without fear, and could not comprehend what was meant by the word shudder. Such expressions as "I shudder to think of it," or "the very idea makes me shudder," were without meaning to him, and one day he remarked to his father: "Say, governor, what the devil does *shudder* mean? I heard the Van Alimony girl telling Percy Dribble that Mrs. Newsad's practice of serving butter with bread at dinner made her *shudder*." "Rutherford," replied his father, "I have watched your career up to date with a great deal of interest. While I never expected you to be as bright as your brother, and become president of an insurance company, I did hope that you would out-grow what I now perceive to be a chronic imbecility. Here is a check for a million dollars. Go out into the world and see if you can discover as big a chump as yourself. If you do I'll double the money."

"You're on, governor," the youth said airily. "But I shan't waste my time looking for chumps. The first thing I want to find out is how to shudder. My curiosity has been excited." "You'll learn how to shudder, all right," returned his disgusted parent. "By the way, in circulating through the world, kindly refrain from mentioning who your father is. Farewell."

That evening, at his club, the youth confided his life's ambition to Percy Dribble. "How can I learn to shudder?" he inquired.

"Deah boy!" exclaimed Percy, with his nearest approach to animation, "that's easily learned, you know. Buy a steam yacht and take a cruise on it, you know. When the steward presents the bills you'll shudder. Oh, ya-as, you'll shudder."

The youth acted on his friend's suggestion, but nothing whatever came of the experiment. He paid the yachting bills as fast as they came in, without a quiver, and thought the amusement cheap at that price. "I may acquire paralysis of my check hand," he reflected, "but I shan't learn how to shudder."

When it became noised throughout the Set that Rutherford was trying to learn how to shudder his friends and acquaintances did all in their power to assist him. Young Van Alimony remarked to him one day: "I say, old chap, I've got a new chauffeur, and he's a helyon. Come out and have a mote with me. We'll be sure to

run over something. The youth accepted the invitation, and they had a very successful spin, the tally being: Eight dogs, two old women, a one-legged Grand Army veteran, and a nursemaid with two babies. As they ground these infants under wheel Van Alimony turned green, and even the chauffeur exhibited a passing distress, but Rutherford, looking back, remarked carelessly: "Devilish unfortunate. I wonder if they were twins."

"Didn't that make you shudder?" said Van Alimony in a sickly whisper.

"Quit joshing," replied the youth, "and give me a cigarette."

Shortly after this, the representative of a society weekly wrote a bright little piece about the youth and a certain blonde young woman with a pearl necklace who had accompanied him on his yachting cruise; which bright little piece he sold to Rutherford for a neat sum. Several other bright writers, hearing that he was easy, got busy with his foolish past; but even when they ran the brace up to \$20,000 he separated without a qualm. His friends did everything for him, but it was no use; he could n't learn how to shudder.

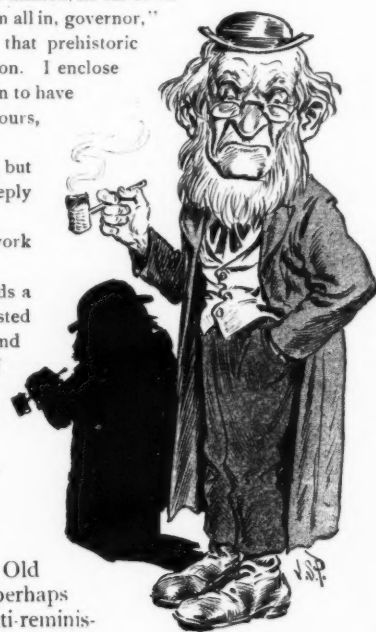
At the year's end, having used up his million, he sat down and composed a letter to his father. "I'm all in, governor," he wrote, "and have n't yet discovered that prehistoric chump. Guess I'm the original mastodon. I enclose the address of my bankers, if you happen to have another million that is n't working. Yours, without a shudder — RUTHERFURD."

His father was greatly vexed at first, but a happy idea occurred to him, and his reply to his son's letter was brief:

"Bankrupt! You will have to work for a living!"

When the youth read the fatal words a strange agitation came over him—manifested physically by a convulsive trembling and mentally by a growing horror of a life of labor. "Alas!" he cried, "how I shudder at the thought of working. Yes; now I know what shuddering is."

Leston Taylor.



## SARCASTIRUMINATION.

"It has been said," remarked the Old Codger, with a grimness that perhaps came from shamefaced introspecti-remembrance, "that ye can lead a horse to water but ye can't make him drink. But, for—well, various—reasons, I'm of the opinion that the task could be accomplished if intrusted to one of these 'ere well-turned, sugar-coated gentlemen who come sliding along representing well-known publishing houses which make a specialty of selling valuable works in forty-seven, or such a matter, volumes to only the few leading citizens of the community who are sufficiently cultured to appreciate 'em."

## MERELY A SUGGESTION.

OUR venerated leader William Jennings Bryan has broken ground for a library at Salem, Ill., on the site of his birthplace. For the benefit of future students of the world's history we suggest that the following articles be reverently laid in the corner-stone:

Complete set of the peerless leader's literary works to date, to wit: "The Crime of '73," "The First Battle," "The Second Battle," "The Curse of Imperialism," "Cross and Crown," "Does Pessimism Pay?" "Rear Platform Remarks," "The Bimetallic Farmer's Almanac."

File of the *Commoner*.

Undelivered Inaugural Address of President Bryan.

Silver dollar (Mex.).

Jawbone of Democratic donkey.



L. M. GLACKENS

## THE AGE OF GRAFT.

INFANT CLASS PUPIL — Yes 'm, you heard us right. Me and Tommy here want the Collection Plate Privilege, and if we get it, y' understand—why, your rake-off will be twenty-five cents every Sunday. How about it?



# A Million

barrels—and more—of Schlitz beer  
are sold annually. Our agencies  
dot the whole earth.

The reason is purity. More  
and more people every year are  
demanding it.

Won't you see how much  
better it is than poor beer—  
how different the  
after-effects?

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.  
See that the cork or crown is branded

# Schlitz

The Beer  
That Made Milwaukee Famous.

## On the Wing.

Reputation travels like the wind.  
Over the Continent the American  
Gentleman's Whiskey—



## Hunter Baltimore Rye

has founded a  
new type, a new  
name for what  
is a

Pure, Old  
Mellow  
Product.

A good thing  
passes from lip  
to lip.

Sold at all first class cafes and by Jobbers  
W.M. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

## HOTEL SEVILLE

Madison Ave. and 29th St., N. Y.

In Shopping and Theatre District; Yet  
Located for Quiet and Ease. Near  
R. R. Stations. Crosstown Cars con-  
necting with all Ferries pass the door.



SINGLE ROOMS or SUITES.

Furnished or Unfurnished.

Transient Rates from \$1.50 per day;

With Bath, \$2.00 per day.

EDWARD PURCHAS, Mgr.

**Shine on!**

It not only gives a high, glowing, dur-  
able polish to all metals, but the polish

**Bar Keepers' Friend**

It's, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or  
wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-  
gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George  
William Hoffman, 290 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

# WILSON WHISKEY

**THAT'S ALL!**

### WASTEFUL.

"As I was coming in just now," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "your footman  
used an opprobrious epithet."

"My goodness," replied her hostess, "I must speak to James about that.  
I simply won't put up with it. Josiah says unless there's less of them used  
around here he'll have to be getting them by the wholesale. I never seen  
the way servants do waste things when they ain't the ones that have to pay for  
them."—*Indianapolis News.*

### DAILY MOTTO.

Never marry for money unless you can't get it any other way. — *Detroit  
Free Press.*



A CLIMBER'S VIEW.

"I can understand now why they named that Swiss moun-  
tain Mount Blanc."

"Yes?"

"Yes; it is doubtless a contraction of Blankety-blank."

Cellarette, side-board, sleeping-car or ocean steamer  
kit is incomplete without Abbott's Angostura Bitters.  
Adds zest and flavor, aids digestion.

### ENTIRELY SAFE.

"Have you received an answer from that correspondence school con-  
cerning the advertisement we want for our new hair-grower?" asked the head  
of the firm.

"Yes," replied the chief clerk, "here it is. I guess it'll be entirely safe to  
use it, too. I'll read it: 'One bottle warranted to bring the hair out in  
bunches.'"—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

### SAVING ON ICE.

CHURCH.—That's a very expensive trip Peary is to make to the Pole,  
is n't it?

GOTHAM.—Yes; but just see all the money he'll save on ice! — *Yonkers  
Statesman.*

SEEING how particular the summer girl is in the store picking out a belt  
that will exactly fit her waist, you would n't think that when she is at the  
beach she would be so careless as she is sometimes about picking out a young  
man to put his arm around it. — *Somerville Journal.*

# KODAK Film for KODAKS

The film you use is more  
important than the camera you  
use—more important than the  
lens you use. The amateur of  
experience insists upon the film  
of experience. Kodak film has  
20 years of experience behind it.

If it isn't Eastman,

it isn't Kodak Film.

Look for "Eastman" on the box;  
look for "Kodak" on the spool.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City.*

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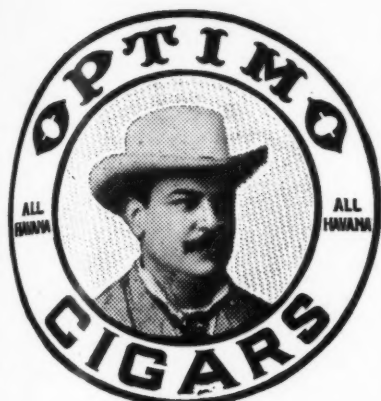
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#### POSSIBLE EXPLANATION.

"Why, John," exclaimed Mrs. Newkid as she came into the room, "what in the world makes the baby cry so?"  
"I don't know, my dear," answered Newkid as he handed the infant over to its mother, "but I imagine he is thinking of what the governor of North Carolina once said to the governor of South Carolina."—*Chicago Daily News.*

#### PERVERSE LOGIC.

"Speakin' of wasted opportunities," said Plodding Pete, "dere goes a man wit' a hundred thousand dollars in de bank."  
"He ain't losin' many chances," responded Meandering Mike.  
"Figger it out. Calc'late de beer dat a hundred thousand would buy. Every nickel in it is a wasted opportunity."—*Washington Star.*

It is not at all necessary for a woman to learn jiu jitsu in order to know how to throw a man down.—*Indianapolis News.*

#### KEPT HIS PROMISE.

MR. GOODWIN.—When I allowed you a day off last week you promised me you would n't go to the races, but it has come to my ears that you lost \$10 on Stick-in-the-Mud.

THE CLERK.—Yes, sir; but I kept my promise just the same. I lost the \$10 in a poolroom.—*Chicago Daily News.*

#### SLOPPY.

"I don't see why women should n't be allowed to wear kimonos!" snapped the lady. "It's the national dress of Japan."

"It is n't the kimonos," said the man who knew, "it's the way the Americans wear them."—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHEN a man gives out he is pretty sure to give in.—*Indianapolis News.*



#### COMMON OCCURRENCE.

MUGGINS.—If there is one thing I dislike more than another, it is to see a man make a fool of himself.

MRS. MUGGINS.—What a pity you were not born blind, my dear.—*Chicago Daily News.*

## BOOKER'S BITTERS

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#### THE HOME-COMING.

They're coming from the mountains and the sea,  
They're coming from the woods and from the lakes;  
They're coming back as cross as they can be,  
And they tell us that they come for our sakes.

They're impatient, they are nervous and upset,  
They talk in a most dismal, weary way;  
They're tearing down the curtains and they fret,  
They seem to have forgotten to be gay.

Their clothes are all worn out and they must send  
For seamstresses to hurry to their aid;  
They're hounding us for cash that they may spend  
In having new supplies of dresses made.

They're having carpets taken from the stairs,  
The servant problem's uppermost once more;  
They went away to try to lose their cares,  
And have cares they never knew they had before.

They're coming from the mountains and the sea,  
They're coming from the hills and from the lakes;  
We are governed, who a little while were free—  
And they tell us that they come for our sakes!

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*



#### UNREASONABLE.

THE BAD ONE.—Do dey tell yer dat yer must n't smoke cigarettes?

THE GOOD ONE.—Yes.

THE BAD ONE.—Gee! Wot do dey expect yer t' smoke? Cornsilk?

A glass of soda and a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters make a pleasing drink and act as a tonic.

### A Brilliant Historical Novel

## Monsieur d'en Brochette

by the Humorous Syndicate

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

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This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huevos Pasada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of historio-adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Monsieur D'En Brochette," is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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BACK.

What are they saying, those waves dashing mildly,  
There on the strand where we wandered so gay?  
What does it whisper, the breeze breathing mildly  
High 'mid the trees on the hills far away?  
What says the crow that goes swift winging o'er us?  
What say the storm clouds that distantly frown;  
Muttering deep strains in the far-swelling chorus—  
This is the burden: "Back, back to the town!"

Back to the pave where the lights gladly gleaming,  
Guide the great throng on its hurrying way!  
Back to the street cars! Away from the dreaming,  
Where autumn reveals but the ruins of May!  
Back to the place where there's meeting and greeting,  
And shelter for all wher the rain twinkles down.  
Let's join the procession with hearts lightly beating  
And step to the rhythm of "Back to the town!"

—Washington Star.

"The groves were God's first temples."

## SEPTEMBER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

No finer place in September can be found than the Adirondacks. The air is cool and bracing, the scenery beautiful, and they can be reached in a night from Boston, New York or Niagara Falls. All parts of the Adirondacks are reached by the  
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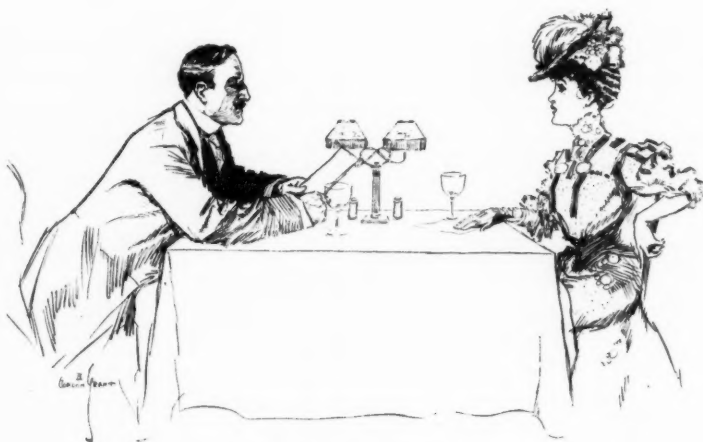
When a girl thinks that she has pretty teeth, almost every old chestnut that she hears is to her a funny story.  
—Somerville Journal.

### GENERAL GRANT IN 1867.

We have received, through the courtesy of Mr. E. L. LOMAX of the UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD, a very interesting picture of GENERAL GRANT AND PARTY, taken at FORT SANDERS, Wyoming, in 1867.

As is well known, during the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad, a good deal of trouble was encountered from Indian attacks, and for this reason, and others, GENERAL GRANT AND PARTY made a trip over the UNION PACIFIC to arrange Treaties with the various Indian Tribes, and the photograph in question was taken at Fort Sanders during this trip.

Copies of the picture may be had, we understand, by addressing Mr. E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A., UNION PACIFIC R. R. CO., OMAHA, Nebraska, and enclosing postage.



### ON THE ROAD.

THE GROOM.—If you wish, we may have a souvenir copy of this menu, simply by applying to the head waiter.

THE BRIDE.—Better wait till we've had the dinner; possibly we will not want such a lasting reminder.

### MERE OPINION.

If man could always drop their tasks and go away to recuperate when they feel the need of rest, little work would be done.—Chicago Record-Herald.

It is a great pity that graft can not be checked. But usually the grafters don't like to take checks.—Indianapolis News.

THE bachelor who does n't smoke, and does n't drink, and does n't play poker, and does n't bet on the races, and keeps away from the stock market, is almost good enough to get married.—Somerville Journal.

MAMMA.—Now, be a good little girl and stop crying.

FLOSSIE (aged 3).—Me won't stop cwyin' till papa hears me.

MAMMA.—But he can't hear you; he's in New York.

FLOSSIE.—Den me'll dest have to cwy frou' ze telefome.—Chicago Daily News.

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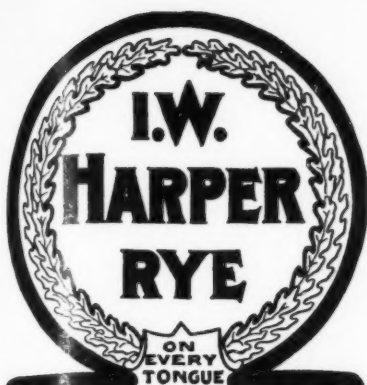
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### SIGNS DUE.

Is it not time that we should hear  
Of portents of our winter's cheer?  
Do wild fowl southward early wing?  
How thick are corn husks stiffening?  
What of the goose bone, omen true?  
What do the thrifty squirrels do?  
Are ripening nuts' shells thin or thick.  
And what will be the coal man's trick?  
Now katydids have set the mark,  
And times are chilly after dark,  
Is it not time that we should hear  
The portents of our winter's cheer?  
—*Indianapolis News.*

### WELL NAMED.

BILL.—I see they've named a  
whiskey after Admiral Togo.

JILL.—Well, it's a good name for  
whiskey.

"How so?"

"It gets the best of so many people."  
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THERE would be fewer failures in  
the business world if there were fewer  
men ready to drop their business on  
the smallest provocation and discuss  
such questions as who was the father  
of the American navy. — *Somerville  
Journal.*



### AT THE PICNIC.

HIRAM.—How'd ye git that jug past the Deakin? Tell him thar  
wuz water in it?

SETH.—Yep; but I did n't tell him what kind.

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*Imperial*  
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Champagnes cost twice as much  
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Don't worry  
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Drink Evans' Ale

Good Advice: M. D.

ONE can often measure a man's  
debts by the cut of his clothes. —  
*Chicago Daily News.*

A DOG has attained the highest  
eminence ever reached by a philos-  
opher when he can forget his fleas. —  
*Somerville Journal.*



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cious dinner is supplied by  
**CLUB COCKTAILS**. No made-  
by-guesswork cocktail can be as  
satisfactory. The flavor, taste, and  
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are unequalled. Choice liquors,  
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Just strain through cracked ice  
and serve. **CLUB** is the cocktail  
for the knowing ones.

Seven kinds — Manhattan, Martini, etc.  
**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors**  
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### A NEW POSITION.

"Is your son going to play football  
this year?"

"No; he'll be the left end on the  
glee club." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

### A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

"The old man's in quarantine," said  
the Billville youth.

"Thank the Lord!" exclaimed the  
old lady. "We'll have peace in the  
family for ten days!" — *Atlanta Con-  
stitution.*

### THE WHOLE THING.

"Yes," said young Benedick, "we  
went to Niagara Falls on our honey-  
moon. Just as soon as we got off the  
train my wife and I walked right over  
to see the Falls."

"Magnificent, eh?" remarked Hicks.

"You bet! You should have seen all  
the men rubbering at her as we walked  
along." — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

So many of us are anxious to do  
away with vices—in our neighbors.—  
*Chicago Daily News.*

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